

God / the question is the answer

I wondered if
God was real, a
figment of confusion,
the answers you can't find
burning
right before your eyes.

What if God
was the question,
the empty hollows
filled with rain,
the way the mirror cannot
show you
who you are,

the way nothing
means anything, and
everything means
everything, and

every fate is sealed by
one single breath.

What if this is it, what if
my pain is
God,

just like

my breath in my chest,
my hair growing to
protect me,
my skin burning
in the sun we
found a way to share
something,

didn't we?

Is that God?

No one owns the stars.

Trees are older than cathedrals,
prayers so ancient
they live beyond the eye and ear,
colors and creatures and chemicals
living for no one, deep in
their own dimensions, and

I don't even know the question
the thought
the mention of things that
wouldn't make sense
anyway,
that would sound the frequency of God

or something

celestial and unknown—

What if it was so simple?
if the question was the answer —
(is)
(will be forever-
more)

What if the question is the answer and
the answer is
God?

no one will ever know
I existed
beyond this moment in
time,
this wheel in
all its sacred glory
barreling again and again
toward a fate
I can't
articulate,

beyond a death or a word
spoken for the last time
centuries ago as
a student of the world sits toiling

over its meaning in
a room built by men who
lived lives and felt love, emerged
from the womb without dreams, crying for
their mothers, not for the world
or loss or tragedy, not for
the secrets and questions that
drive a man toward insanity or
faith,

but simply for life itself, the ultimate
proclamation:
I Am

right here right now
alive for this moment
pure and fleeting like
every ancestor I'll
never know, and

I ask myself

Is that God?

The cry the voice the breath that
lets me know
I am alive and

that is the answer to the question is
the answer is
something
I'll never know, yet feel
so deeply in the place where
the truth of my humanity
stands tall, towering
over the Earth
straight up
into the universe
flanked by ritual and time, the lives the
lines they leave, I'm like
a tree.

Is that God?